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On the late ACTION at

DET TINGEN.

H U M B L Y

Inscribed to His MAJESTY.

B Y

The Rev. THOMAS MARTIN, B. A. of *Sarum*.

Hic Rem Germanam magno turbante Tumultu

Sisset Eques: Sternet Gallos.———

VIRG.

L O N D O N:

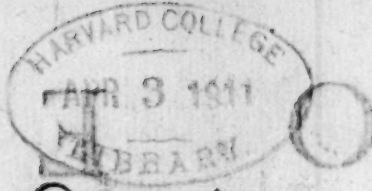
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HUM BLY

Inscribed to His Majesty

B Y

The Rev. Thomas Martin, B.A. of Sarum

His Rev. Germanicus magno turbans Tumbula

Sigs: Epus: Sumer Galla: Vire.

L O N D O N :

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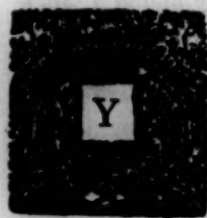


A

P O E M

On the late ACTION at

D E T T I N G E N.



E *Sacred Nine*, your Aid once more impart,

Affist the Dictates of a *British* Heart;

Great *George's Acts* I sing; my Breast inspire

With Numbers lofty as those *Acts* require.

B

The

The *Gaul* Imperial *Charles* departed faw,
 And fondly hop'd to give all *Europe* Law;
 From *Austria's* House their Crown and Realms to rend,
 And all their Glories with *Maria* end.

Flush'd with these Hopes, behold! the Arms of *France*
 To awe *Germania's* wav'ring States advance;
 The *Bojan* Chief ascend, th' Imperial Throne,
 And *Austria's* Realms in Thought at least his own:
Deluded Prince! around their Queen appear
 A Band of *Heroes*, Strangers all to fear;
 Each from his Side his glitt'ring Faulchion draws,
 And vows adherence to his *Sov'reign's* Cause;
 Vows from her Side till Death he'll ne'er retire,
 But serve the *Daughter*, as he serv'd her *Sire*.

Not that the truits *Domestick Aid* alone,
 Each juster *Neighbour* makes her Wrongs his own:
First with his *British* Troops see! *George* advance,
 Troops still the Terror and the Scourge of *France*;
 Oft as he doom'd of *Austria's* House the Fall,
 So oft their Force had check'd th' aspiring *Gaul*:
 Yet vain he deems their Force, their Triumphs o'er;
 Great *Marlb'rough* dead and *Eugene* now no more:
 Tho' late, too late he'll curse his Stars; and swear
 Those Chiefs reviv'd in *D'Arenberg* and *Stair*.
 And now the Chiefs by hasty Marches gain
 The Fields, that border on the distant *Maine*,
 Along the Silver Stream their Tents extend,
 There wait the Junction of their *Hessian* Friend.

Mean

Mean while beneath *Noailles's* boasted Care,
 The *French* all gay and gaudy move to War :
 Across the *Rhine* their destin'd March pursue,
 Till now *Britannia's* Tents appear in View ;
 Now both their Number, and their Order 's seen,
 Whilst the *Maine* only rolls his Stream between ;
 A Stream *Noailles* shall shortly venture o'er,
 And stain it's Waters with no vulgar Gore.

For lo! the *Gaul's* ambitious Thoughts prepare,
 By one decisive Blow to end the War :
 Tow'ring before his Troops great *George* he eyes,
 And marks the *Monarch* as his future Prize,
 Fancies the *Britons* to his Force must yield,
 And hopes by Numbers to obtain the Field :

Mistaken

Mistaken Chief! he ne'er had prov'd their Might,
Like their own Lions still untam'd in Fight.

Thus grasping Lawrels, which he ne'er shall gain,
The *Gallick Leader* ventures o'er the *Maine*;
Whilst *Austria's* Troops their *D'Aremberg* alarms,
And *Stair* awakes *Britannia's* Sons to Arms:
Before whose Van great *George* himself appears,
Nor heeds the Bullets whistling in his Ears;
Close by his Side beholds his *Britons* fall,
Yet still leads forward to attack the *Gaul*.

And now the *Monarch* draws his glitt'ring Sword
" *Britons* be Men," he cries, then gives the Word;
Swift at the Word *Britannia's* Troops advance,
Their Guns all levell'd on the Sons of *France*;

'Till by degrees at length they draw so nigh,
 Like Hail the Bullets from their Pieces fly;
 Whilst *Gallia's* Sons in ev'ry Quarter bleed,
 And Shouts and Groans promiscuously succeed;
 'Till Shouts and Groans and ev'ry other Sound,
 Are in the Cannon's deeper Thunder drown'd.

And now both Hosts in closer Fight engage,
 The Battle rising to its utmost Rage;
 Whilst here *Britannia's* there the Troops of *France*,
 By turns give backward and by turns advance;
 Alike resolv'd, alike Both scorn to yield,
 But Inch by Inch dispute the bloody Field:
 Whilst *Gauls* and *Britons* Heaps on Heaps are slain
 And one promiscuous Carnage loads the Plain.

So,

So, when two warring Winds at once descend,
 And for the Empire of the Deep contend,
 From adverse Quarters as by turns they blow,
 The working *Ocean* 's driven to and fro,
 Lash'd by the Surge the Promontories roar,
 And Wrecks and Weeds disfigure all the Shore.

At length the *Gallick Chief*, observing where
Britannia's King in Person rouz'd the War,
 Strait to attack the Quarter thus he cheers
 His Troops, but most his Sable *Musqueteers* ;
 " Where are those Arms, he cries, so wont to kill ?
 " Where now, *my Marksmen*, all your boasted Skill ?
 " Hither, if ought as yet remain, advance ;
 " One Ball well-aim'd may give the Day to *France* :

" Calm

- " Calm and Serene amidst his raging Bands,
 " Lo! where the *Monarch* issues his Commands ;
 " There could we reach him in the Martial Strife,
 " And end at once his Battles and his Life,
 " Think what Advantages must thence accrue ?
 " To me what Glory, what Rewards to you ?
 " You saw the Horse, the Trappings he bestrode ;
 " When to the Field before his Troops he rode ;
 " By whatsoever Hand the *Monarch* dies,
 " That Horse, those Trappings are the Victor's Prize,
 " Nor deem that Horse, those Trappings all the Spoil,
 " Thousands of *Livres* shall reward his Toil.

Thus spoke the *Chief* ; and with collected Ire
 Full on great *George*, his *Gauls* point all their Fire ;

The *Monarch's* Life alone is now their Aim,
 Whilst Hopes of Conquest ev'ry Breast inflame :
 Such is the Shock, so desp'rate the Attack,
Britannia's Sons recede some Paces back :
 With Grief great *George* beholds their Ranks give Way,
 Springs to the Charge, and strait retrieves the Day.
 " *Britons*, for shame, he cries ; to whom d'ye yield ?
 " Not thus your Fathers fought at *Cress's* Field ;
 " Not thus the doubtful Day gave tamely o'er,
 " When *Ister's* Stream ran red with *Gallick* Gore.

Stung with these keen Rebukes his *Britons* burn,
 And with new Fury to the Charge return ;
 Now Sword in Hand renew th' Attack, and fall
 With Rage redoubled on the vaunting *Gaul* ;

Open to *Vict'ry* by meer force their way,
Break their strong Line and turn the doubtful Day.

Gallia, the Fight unable to maintain,
Retires in wild Disorder tow'rd the *Maine*;
Passes the Stream her broken Troops to save,
Tho' in the Passage Thousands find a Grave.

Not that the *vanquish'd Gauls* here fall alone,
The *Victors* too their *Clayton's* Loss bemoan;
Train'd up to War, and harden'd from a Child,
The Daring *Briton* at each Danger smil'd;
To him each Art, each Stratagem was known,
And all the Business of the Field his own:
Brave Chief! still foremost in the Martial Strife,
An Eye he lost before, and now his Life:

The

The hardy *Vet'ran* o'er him sheds a Tear,
And owns that *Conquest* may be bought too dear.

But how, my *Muse*, shall I each Act proclaim,
And do strict Justice to each *Hero's* Name?
How draw that Warmth, with which the Foe he prest,
When the Ball graz'd upon the *Austrian's* Breast?
Or Youthful *William* rushing to the Fight,
And *Britain's Monarch* kindling at the Sight?
Tho' wounded greatly scorning to retire,
In Courage scarce inferiour to his Sire.
So when *Antilochus*, his darling Boy,
Beneath his Eye engag'd the Sons of *Troy*,
Each gallant Deed with Transports *Nestor* view'd,
And own'd his Vigour in his Son renew'd.

Nor

Nor must I here advent'rous *Browne* forget :
 Mean tho' his Rank, and undistinguish'd yet,
 Such were his Deeds, if we may credit Fame,
 As might adorn the noblest *British* Name :
 With Grief and Shame he saw his Colours lost,
 And spurr'd his Horse amidst a *Gallick Host* ;
 From the proud Foe the captive *Standard* tore,
 And safe in Triumph to his *Britons* bore.
 Yet still, *vain Monarch*, with thy Vaunts go on,
 And boast those Vict'ries which thou ne'er hast won :
 Say how th' *Allies* before thy Army fled,
 Say *William*, *D'Aremberg*, nay *Stair* is dead ;
 Say too great *George* was found amongst the Slain,
 Tho' eager All to meet thy Troops again.

Yet,

Yet, if Success has crown'd the *Gallick* Arms,
 What means that Murmur which thy Ear alarms?
 Whence spring those Sighs, those Groans you daily hear?
 Why from each Eye incessant streams the Tear?
 In Sable half your Kingdom why d'you see?
 Are these the Signs or Fruits of Victory?

Misguided Prince! for once a Foe believe;
 Nor hope thy Subjects always to deceive;
 Ev'n thy own flying *Gauls* e'er long shall tell,
 At *Dettingen* how many Thousands fell;
 And *Trenck* and *Mentzel*, who their Rout pursue,
 Shall by their *Pandours* prove the Tale too true.

E

Then

Then e'er too late to *Boja*, turn thy Eyes,
 And see what Scenes of Misery arise;
 Fair *Boja*, ruin'd for her Sov'reign's Crimes,
 And let her Ruin make thee wise betimes;
 Wife, e'er the *Austrian* Troops yet pass the *Rhine*,
 And both the *Chiefs* their friendly Forces join.
 Whilst yet their *Armies* on thy *Borders* stand,
 E'er yet they issue forth the dread *Command*,
 And *Fire* and *Sword* wide-spreading waste thy *Land*.
 E'er yet thy *Paris* share in *Munich's* Fate,
 And *Charles* and *George* come thund'ring at her Gate.

F I N I S.

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